FOUR SONGS

MUSIC by
C. Armstrong Gibbs
Malcolm Davidson
Clive Carey
Denis Browne

THE MONTHLY CHAPBOOK

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THE CHAPBOOK (a monthly miscellany) was founded in July, 1919, as a substitute for the quarterly, POETRY AND DRAMA, the publication of which was suspended at the end of 1914.

Each number is of separate interest. At the same time a continuity is preserved. Its general object is to entertain rather than to elevate.

This number of THE CHAPBOOK completes the first half-year of its existence. It is proposed to treat these six numbers now issued as VOLUME 1. Portfolios to contain copies loose are in preparation, and also binding cases in which they can be bound up complete in their covers. The second Volume will be planned so as to include the 12 issues of 1920.

Imaginative and critical literature has not, in this first half-year, been so fully represented as was at first planned. Nevertheless, the increasing support accorded to each successive number is ample proof that THE CHAPBOOK has not failed to interest its numerous readers.

See also p. 3 of Cover [*facing p.* 32].

FOUR SONGS

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NOD

Softly along the road of evening,
In a twilight dim with rose,
Wrinkled with age, and drenched with dew
Old Nod, the shepherd, goes.

His drowsy flock streams on before him,
Their fleeces charged with gold,
To where the sun's last beam leans low
On Nod the shepherd's fold.

The hedge is quick and green with briar,
From their sand the conies creep;
And all the birds that fly in heaven
Flock singing home to sleep.

His lambs outnumber a noon's roses,
Yet, when night's shadows fall,
His blind old sheep-dog, Slumber-soon,
Misses not one of all.

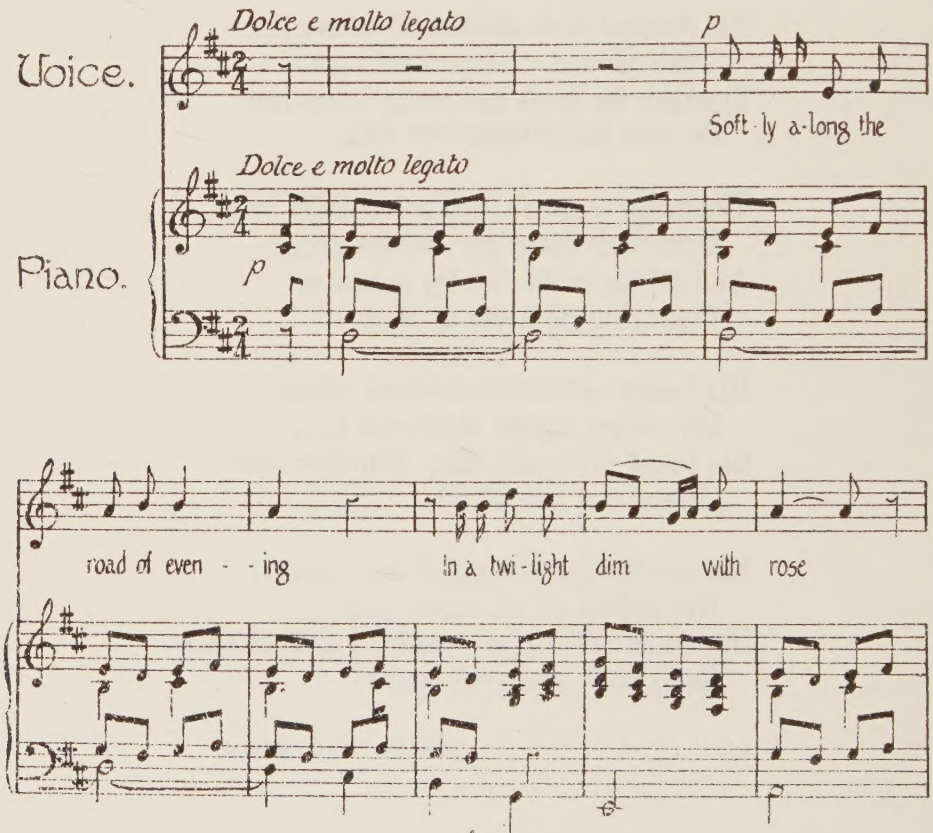
His are the quiet steeps of dreamland,
The waters of no-more-pain,
His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars,
"Rest, rest, and rest again."

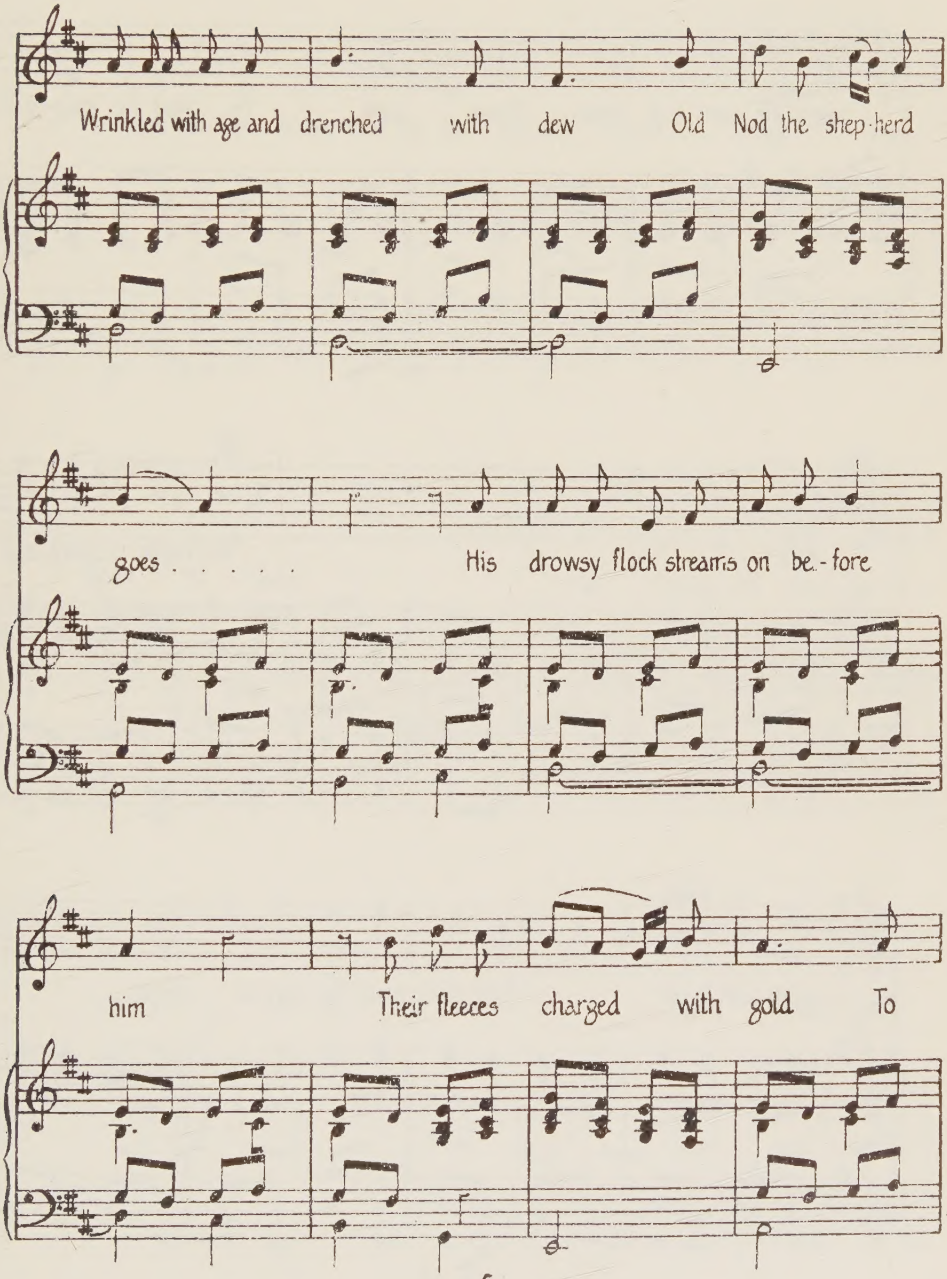
Walter de la Mare.

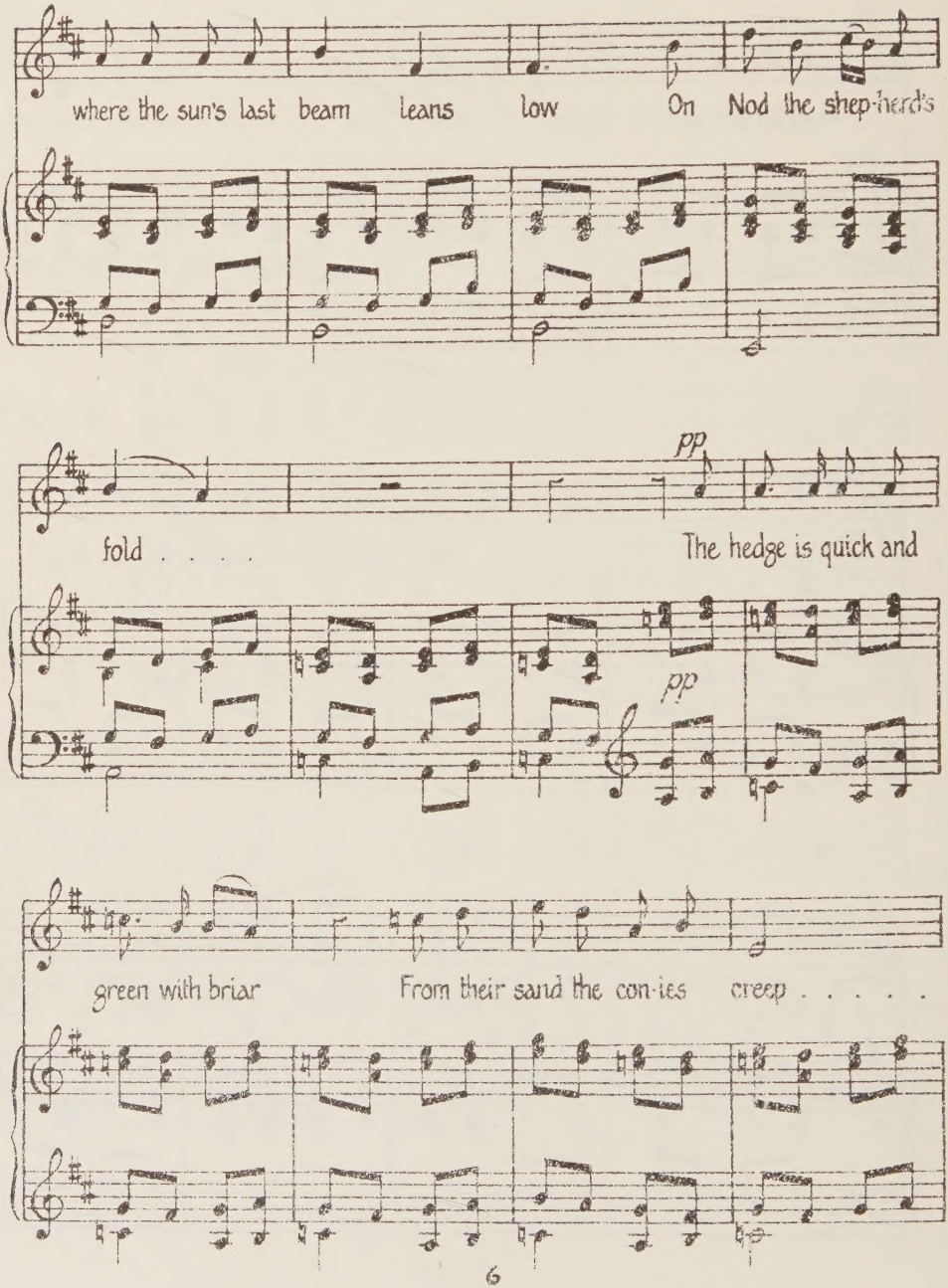
NOD

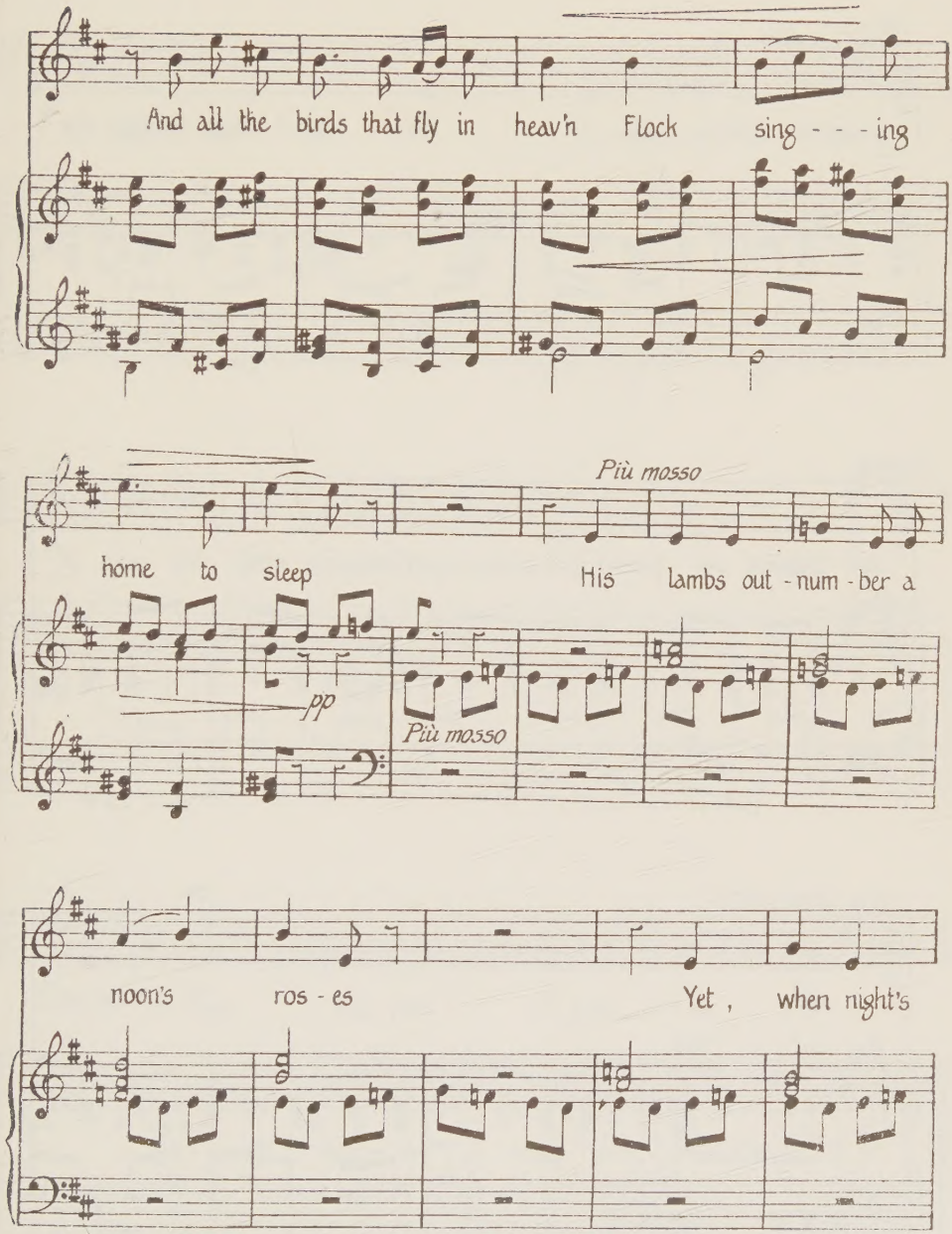
Words by
WALTER DE LA MARE

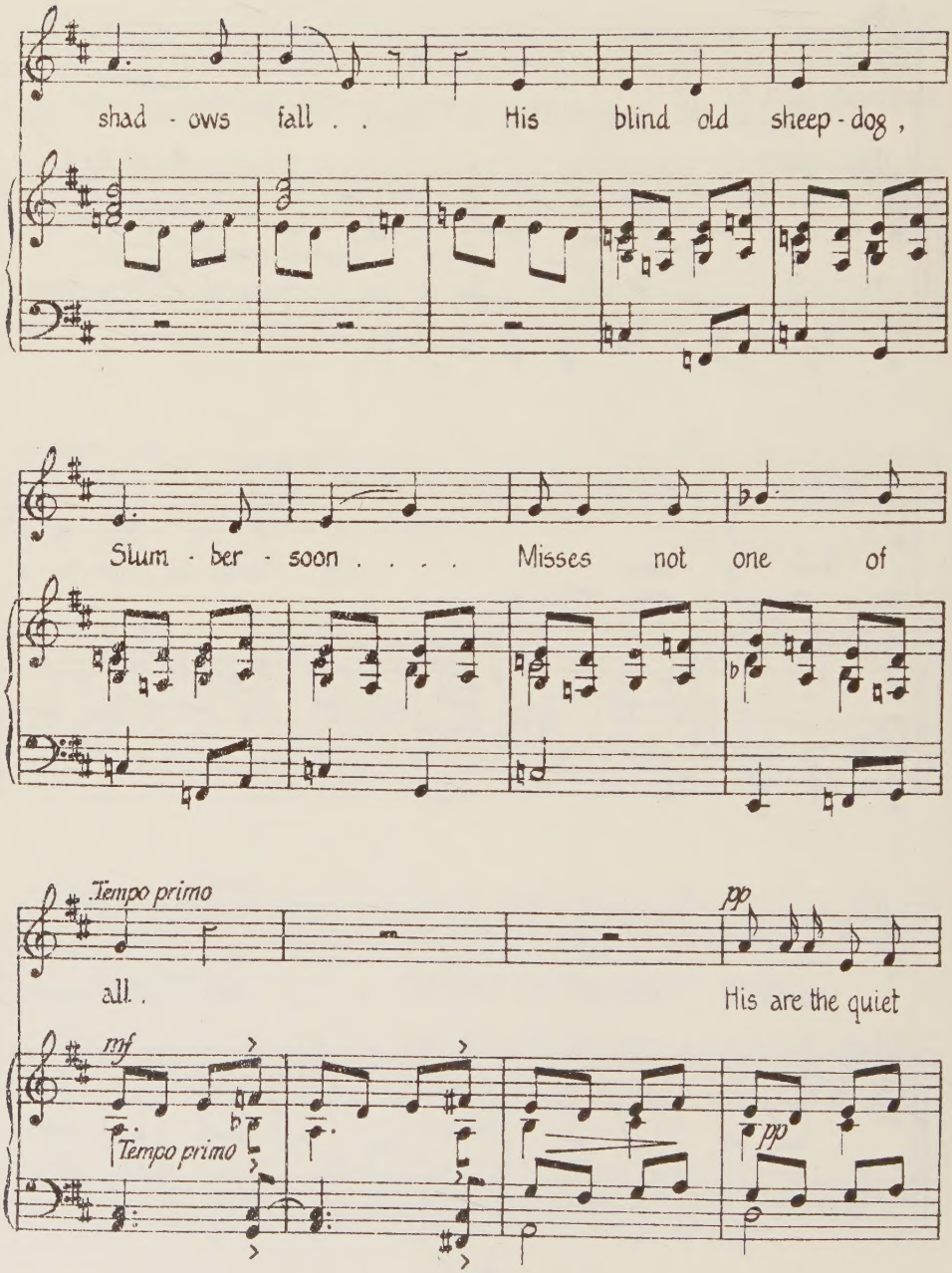
Music by
C. ARMSTRONG GIBBS

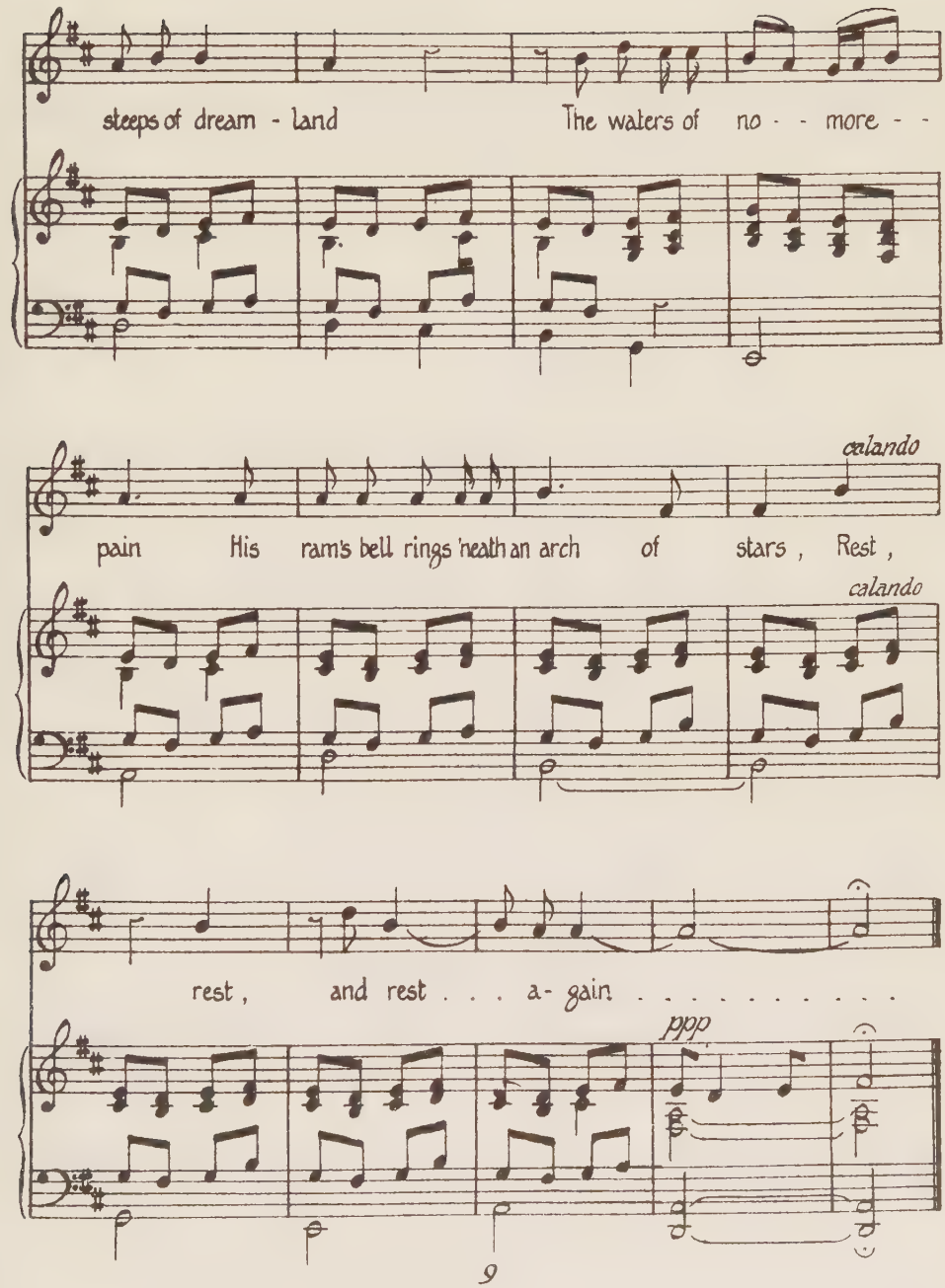



Wrinkled with age and drenched with dew Old Nod the shep-herd
goes . . . . . His drowsy flock streams on be.-fore
him Their fleeces charged with gold To


where the sun's last beam leans low On Nod the shep-herd's
pp
fold . . . . The hedge is quick and
pp
green with briar From their sand the con-ies creep . . . . .


And all the birds that fly in heav'n Flock sing - - - ing
Più mosso
home to sleep
His lambs out - num - ber a
pp
Più mosso
noon's ros - es
Yet , when night's


shad - ows fall . . His blind old sheep - dog ,
Slum - ber - soon . . . . Misses not one of
Tempo primo
all .
pp
His are the quiet
mf
Tempo primo
pp


steeps of dream - land
The waters of no - - more - -
pain
His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars , Rest ,
calando
calando
rest ,
and rest . . . a- gain . . . . . .
ppp

AT THE TURN OF THE BURN

At the turn
Of the burn
Where the chatter of the stream
With a dash
And a splash
Weaves its song into your dream.
Through the dream the ripples rush,
Calling "Listen!"
"Listen!" "Listen!"
While the tree-tops whisper "Hush!"

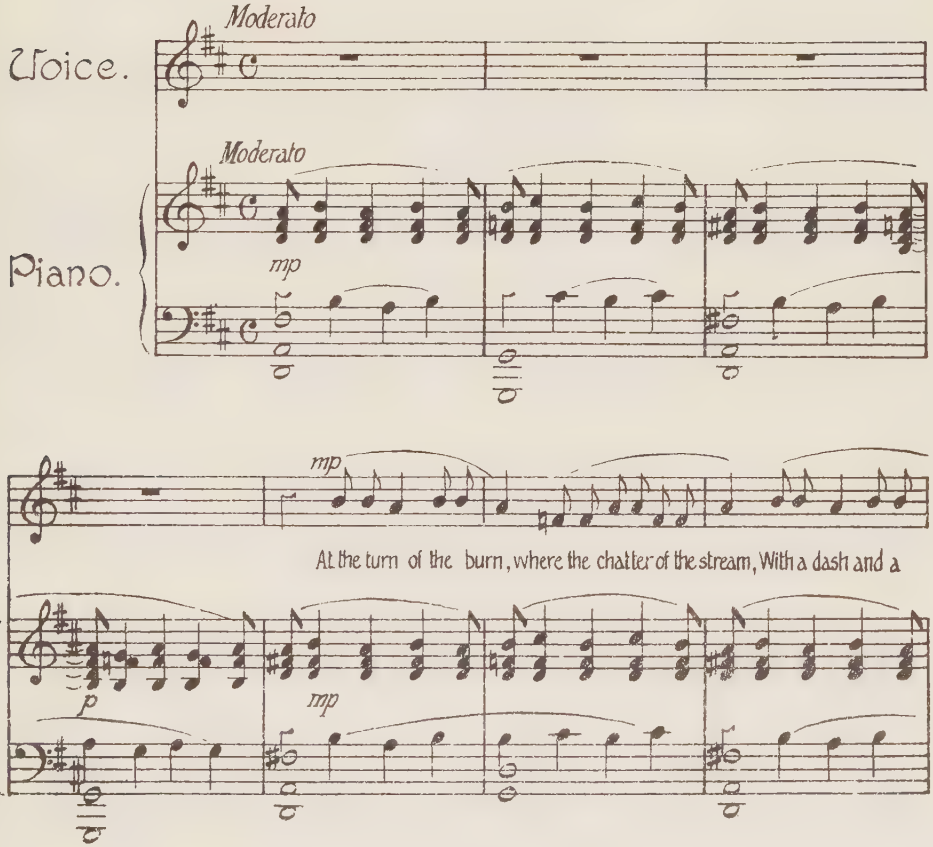
As you sleep,
Soft winds creep
And set the harebells ringing
Fairy chimes,
To the rhymes
You can hear the Fairies singing.
Through the rhymes the ripples rush,
Calling "Listen!"
"Listen!" "Listen!"
While the tree-tops whisper "Hush!"

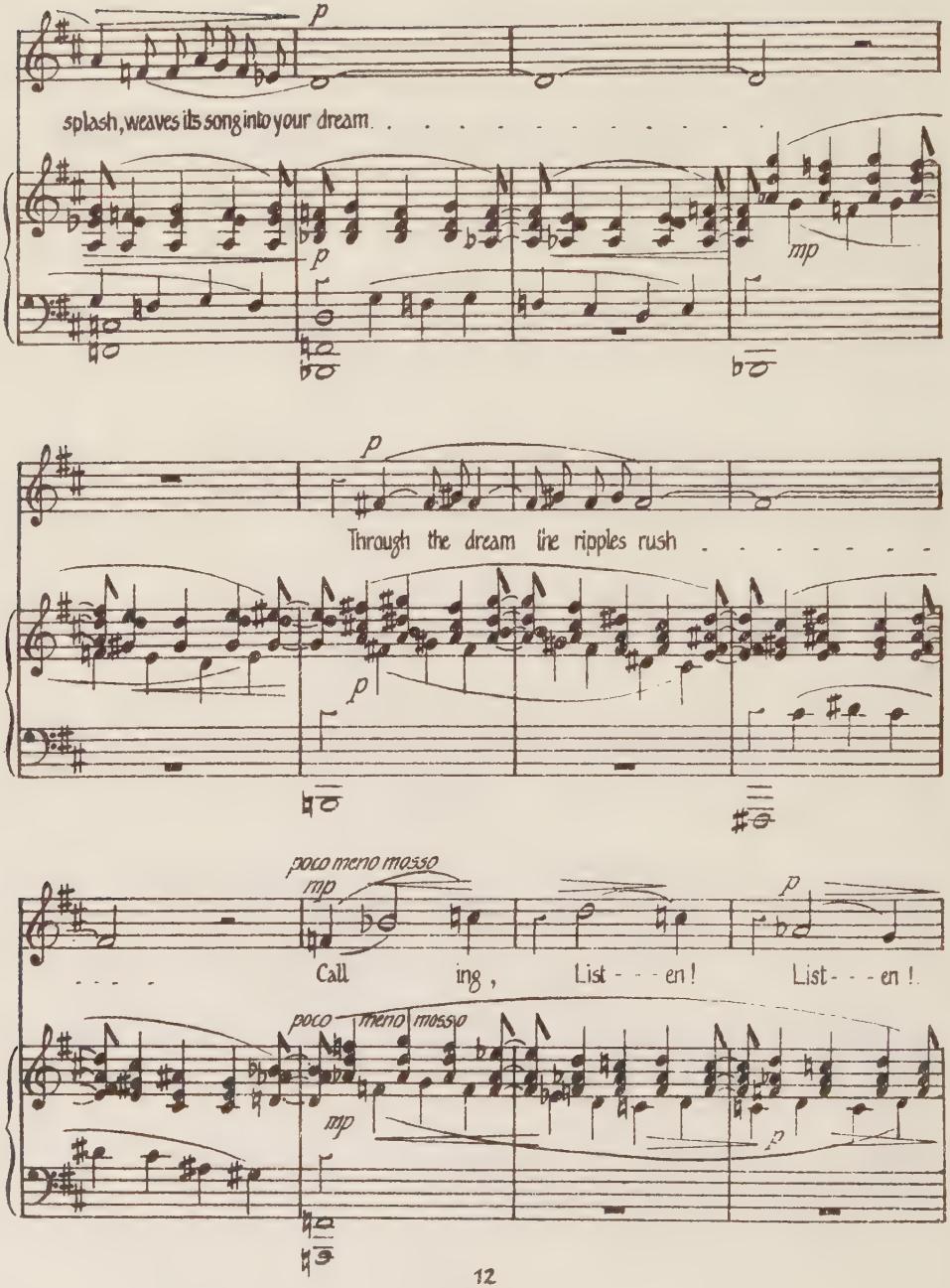
G. Townsend Warner.

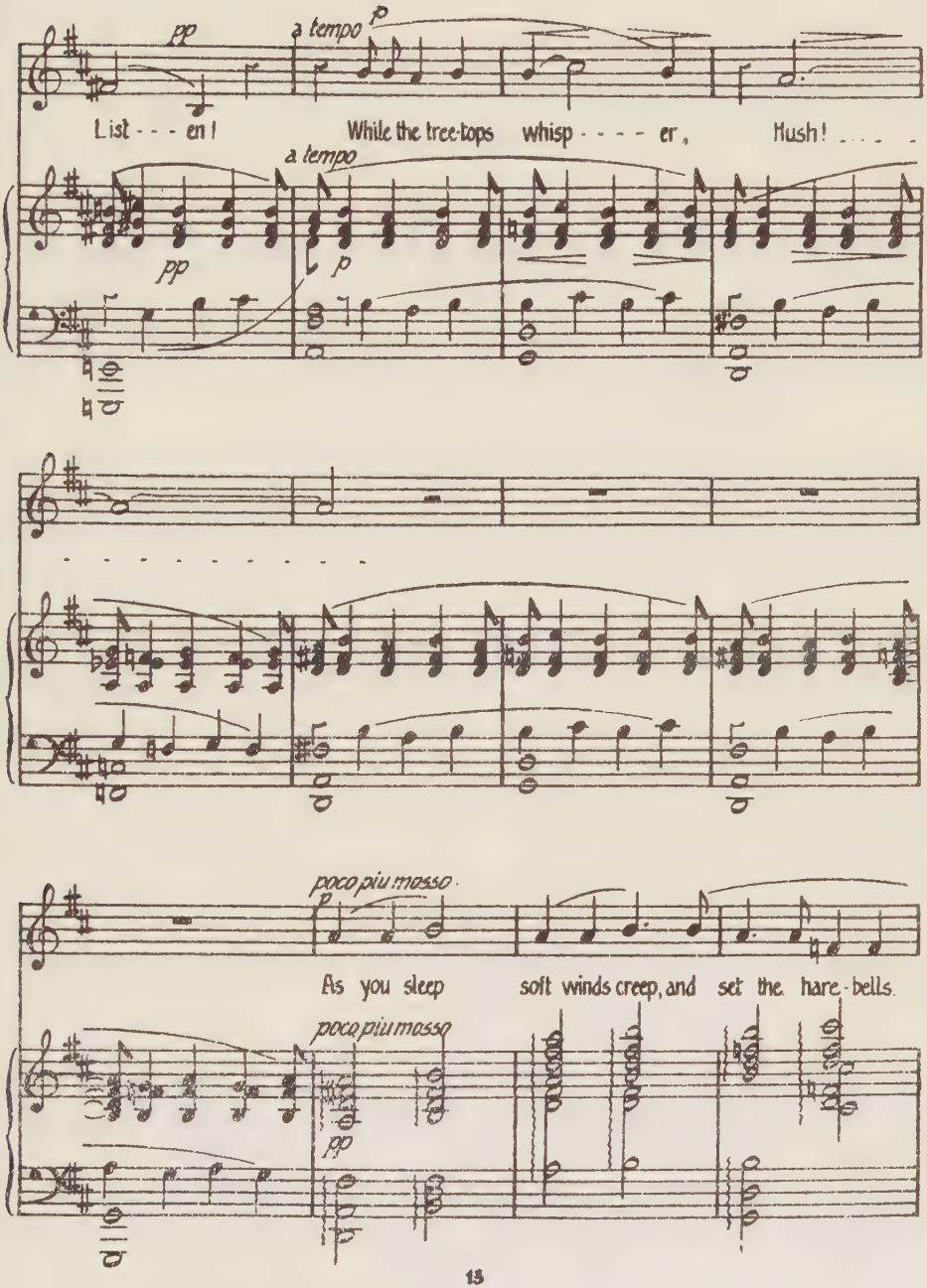
AT THE TURN OF THE BURN

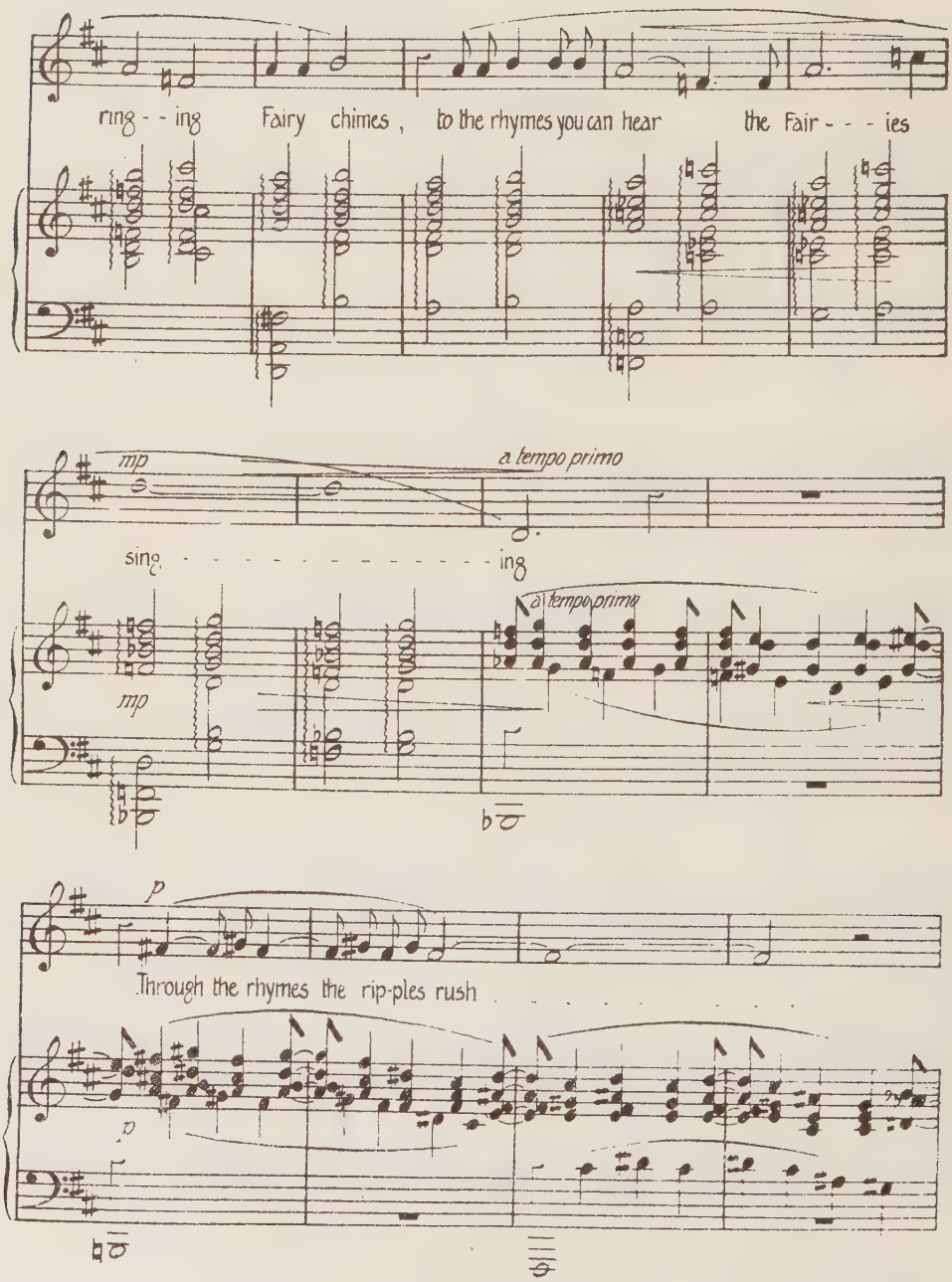
Words by
G. TOWNSEND WARNER

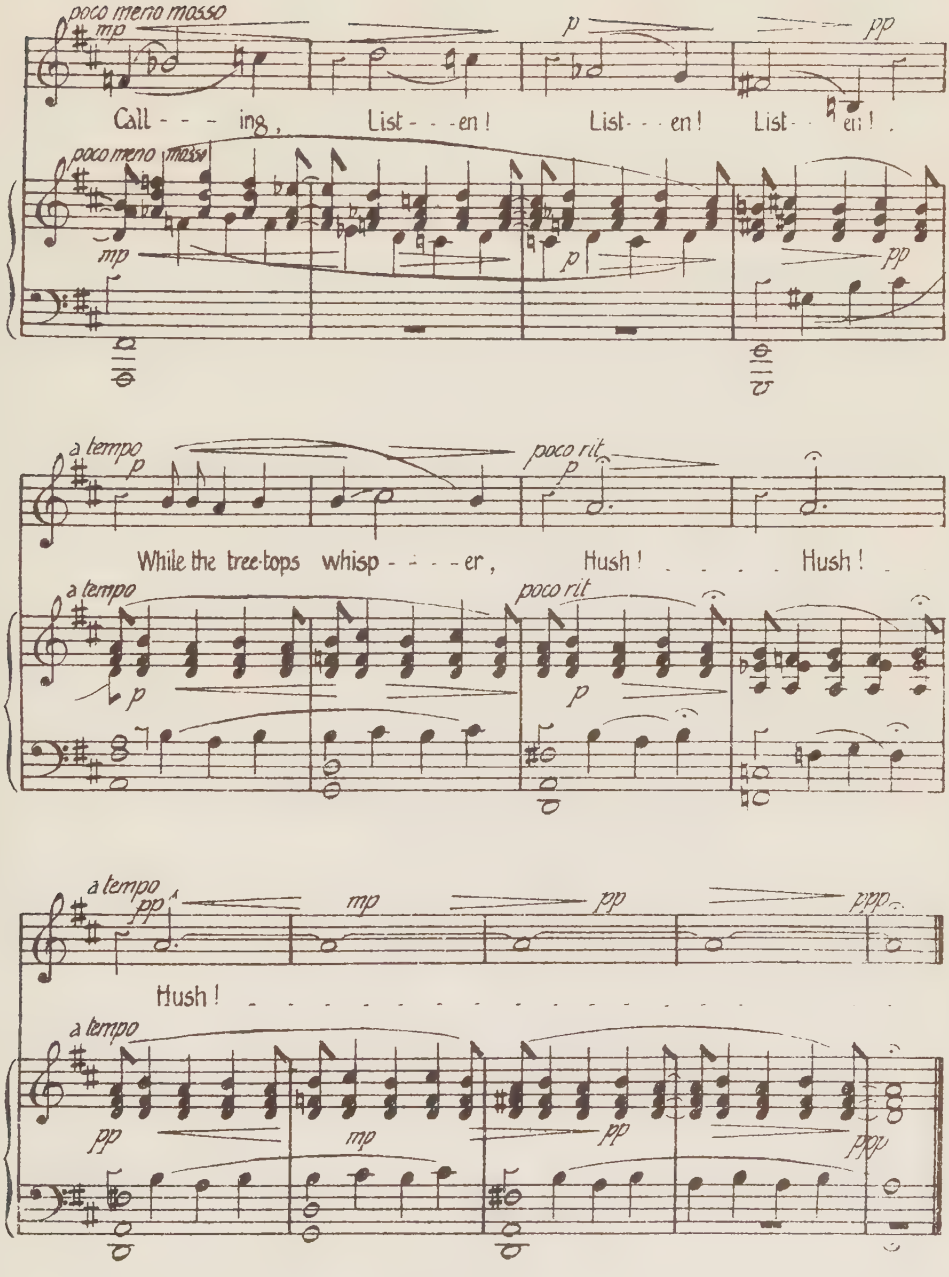
Music by
MALCOLM DAVIDSON




p
splash, weaves its song into your dream. . . . . .
p
mp
p
Through the dream the ripples rush . . . . . .
p
poco meno mosso
mp
p
Call ing, List - - - en! List - - - en!.
poco meno mosso
mp
p


pp
a tempo
p
List - - - en!
While the tree-tops whisp - - - - er,
Hush! . . . .
a tempo
pp
p
poco piu mosso
p
As you sleep
soft winds creep, and set the hare-bells
poco piu mosso
pp


ring - - ing Fairy chimes, to the rhymes you can hear the Fair - - - ies
mp
a tempo primo
sing - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ing
mp
a tempo primo
p
Through the rhymes the rip-ples rush
p


poco meno mosso
mp
p
pp
Call - - - ing, List - - - en! List - - - en! List - - - en!
poco meno mosso
mp
p
pp
a tempo
p
poco rit.
p
While the tree-tops whisp - - - - er, Hush! . . . . Hush!
a tempo
p
poco rit
p
a tempo
pp
mp
pp
ppp
Hush! . . . . . .
a tempo
pp
mp
pp
ppp

MELMILLO

Three and thirty birds there stood
In an elder in a wood :
Called Melmillo — flew off three,
Leaving thirty in the tree ;
Called Melmillo — nine now gone,
And the boughs held twenty-one ;
Called Melmillo — and eighteen
Left but three to nod and preen ;
Called Melmillo — three — two — one —
Now of birds were feathers none.

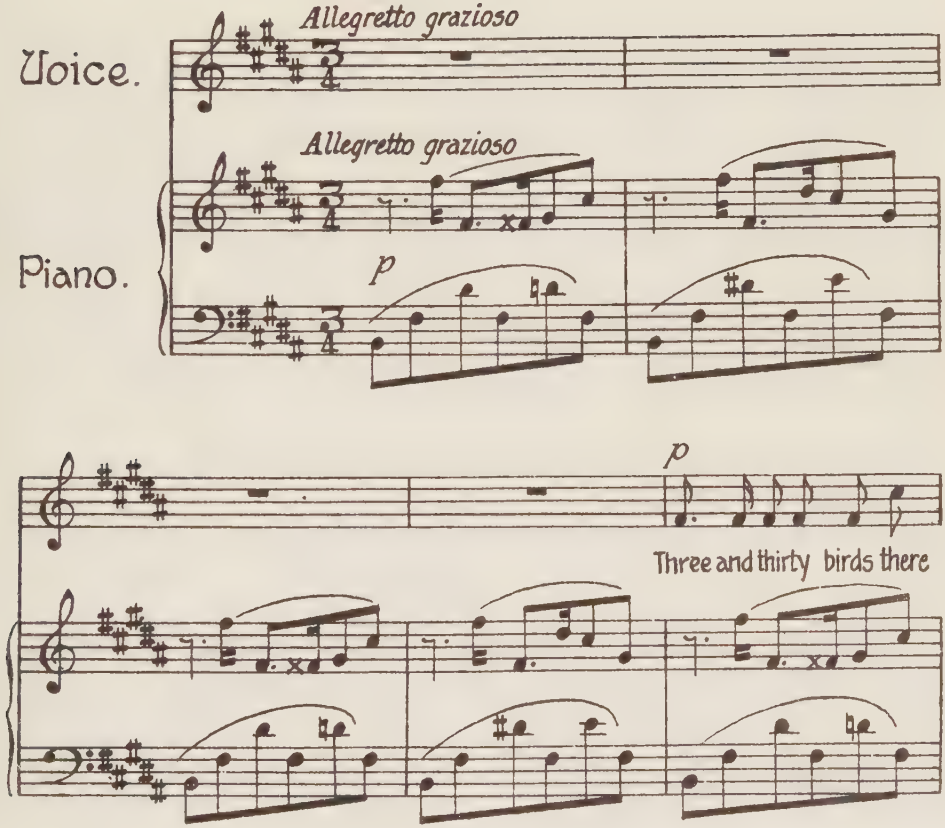
Then stole slim Melmillo in
To that wood all dusk and green,
And with lean long palms outspread
Softly a strange dance did tread ;
Not a note of music she
Had for echoing company ;
All the birds were flown to rest
In the hollow of her breast ;
In the wood — thorn, elder, willow —
Danced alone — lone danced Melmillo.

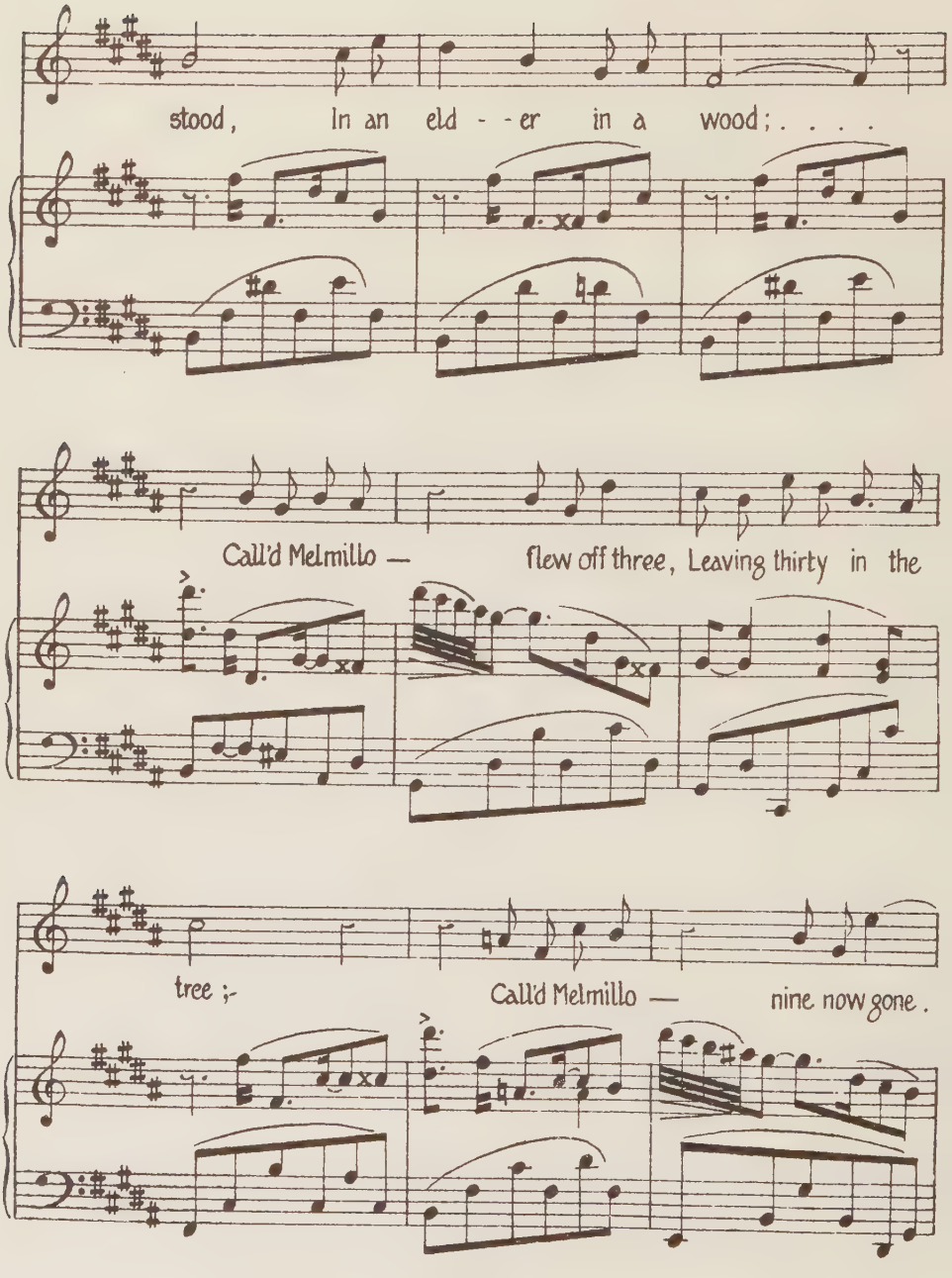
Walter de la Mare.

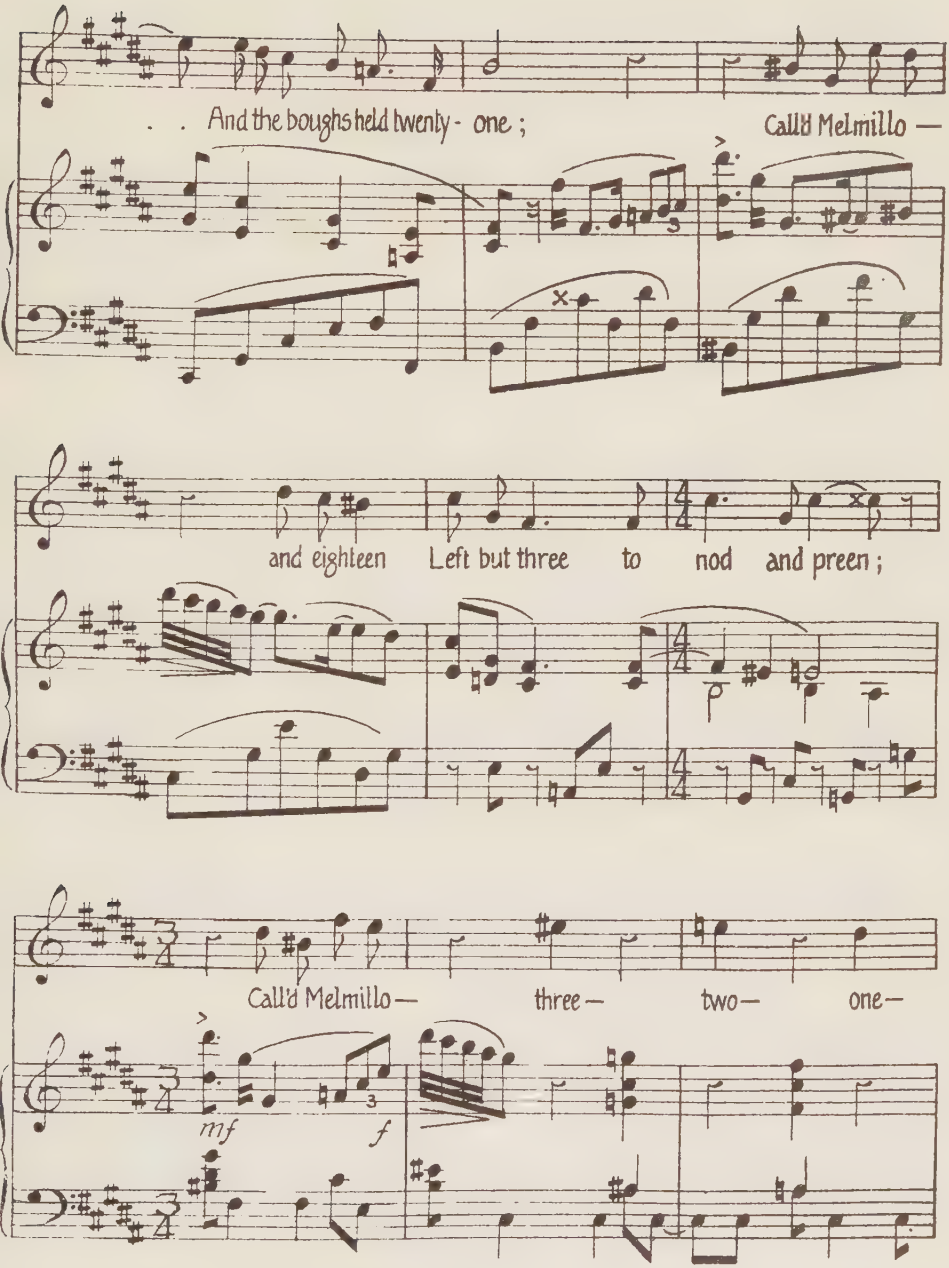
MELMILLO

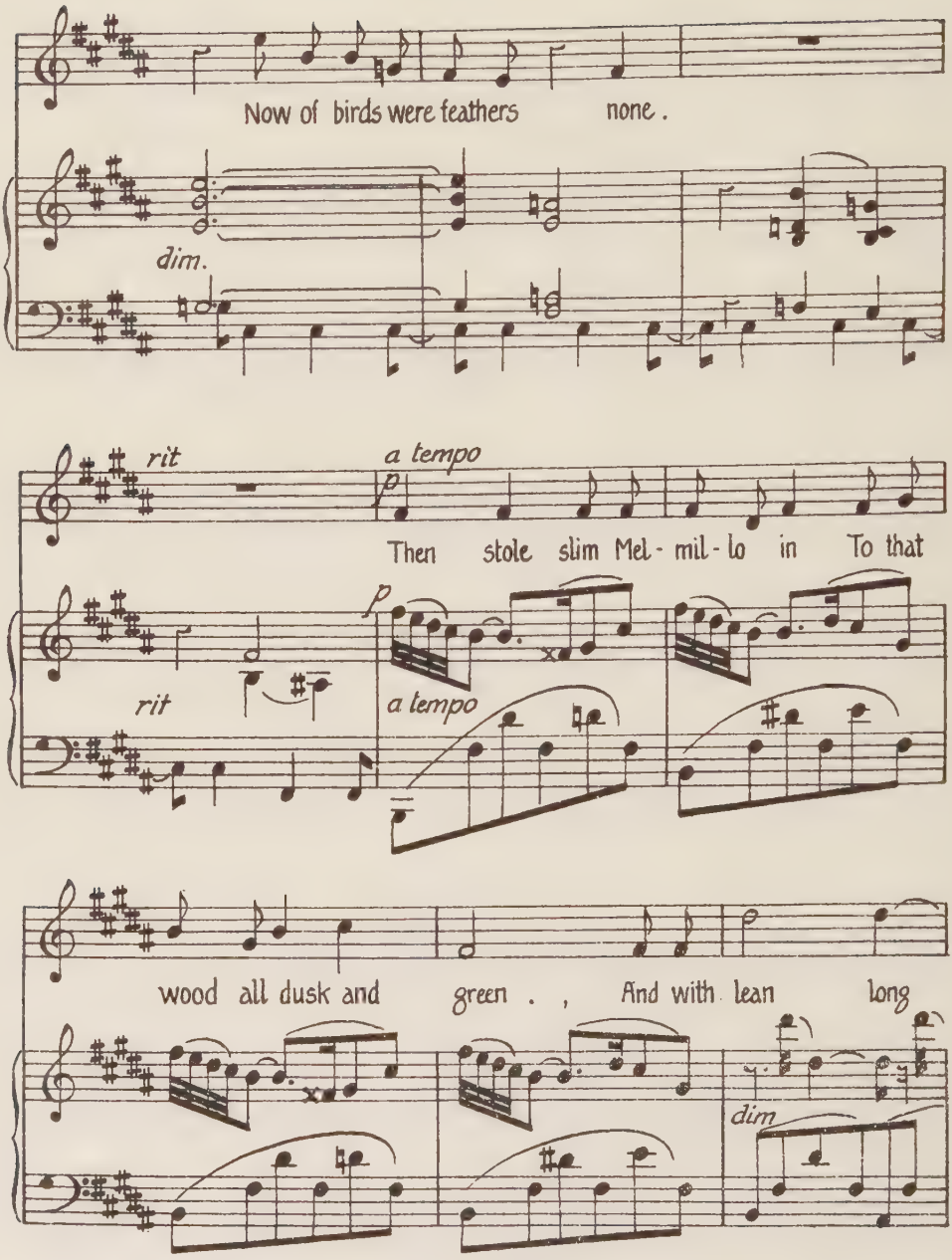
Words by
WALTER DE LA MARE

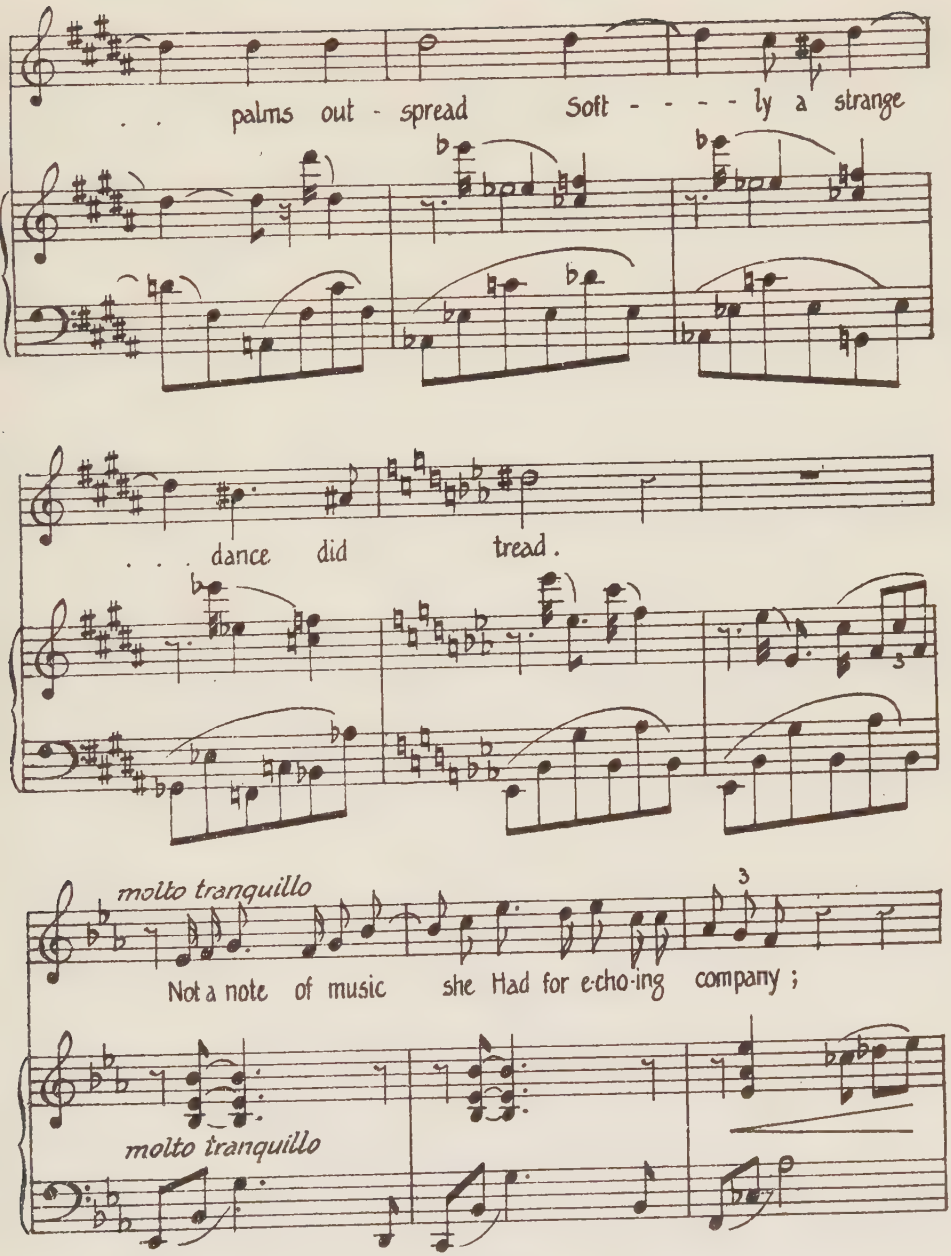
Music by
CLIVE CAREY

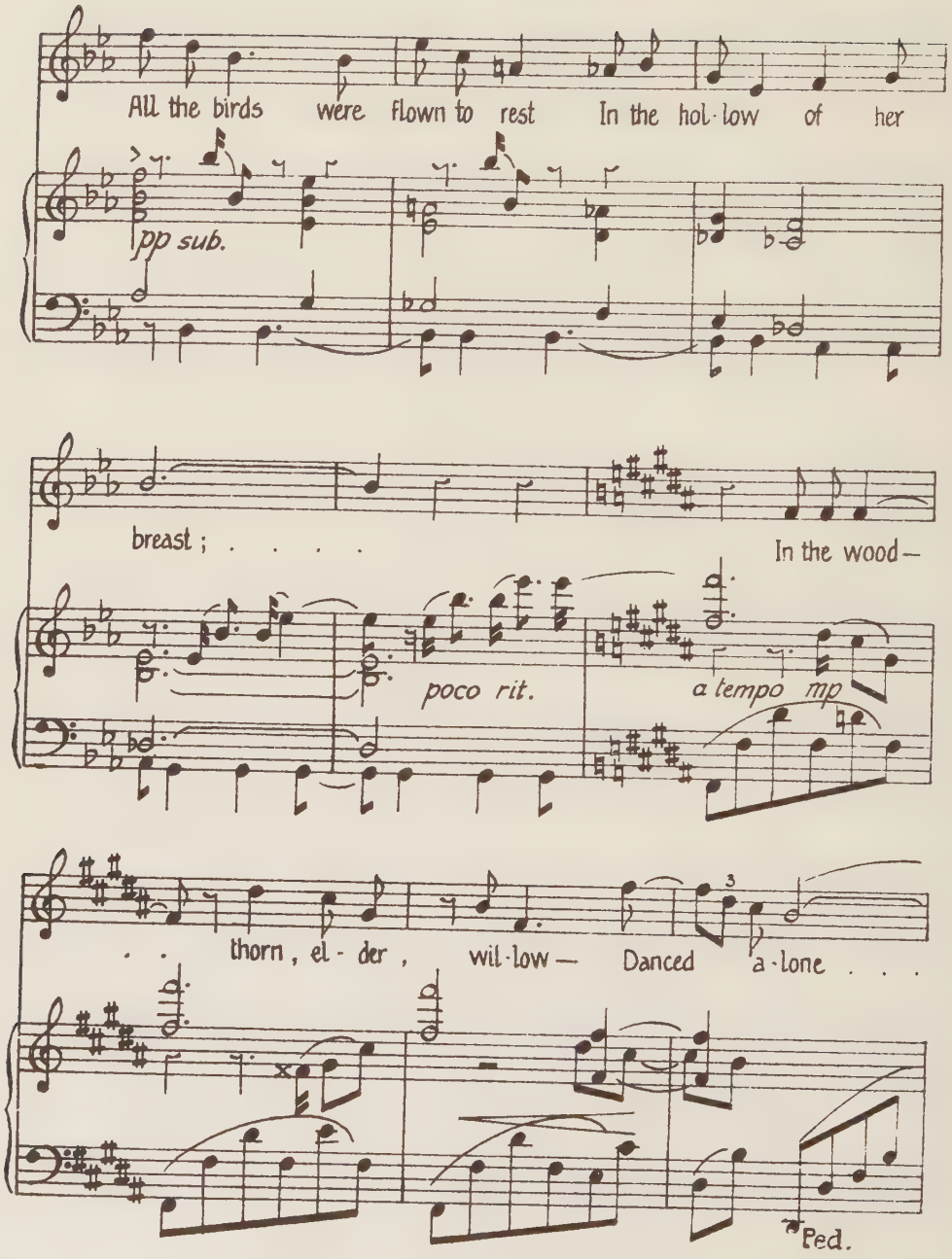


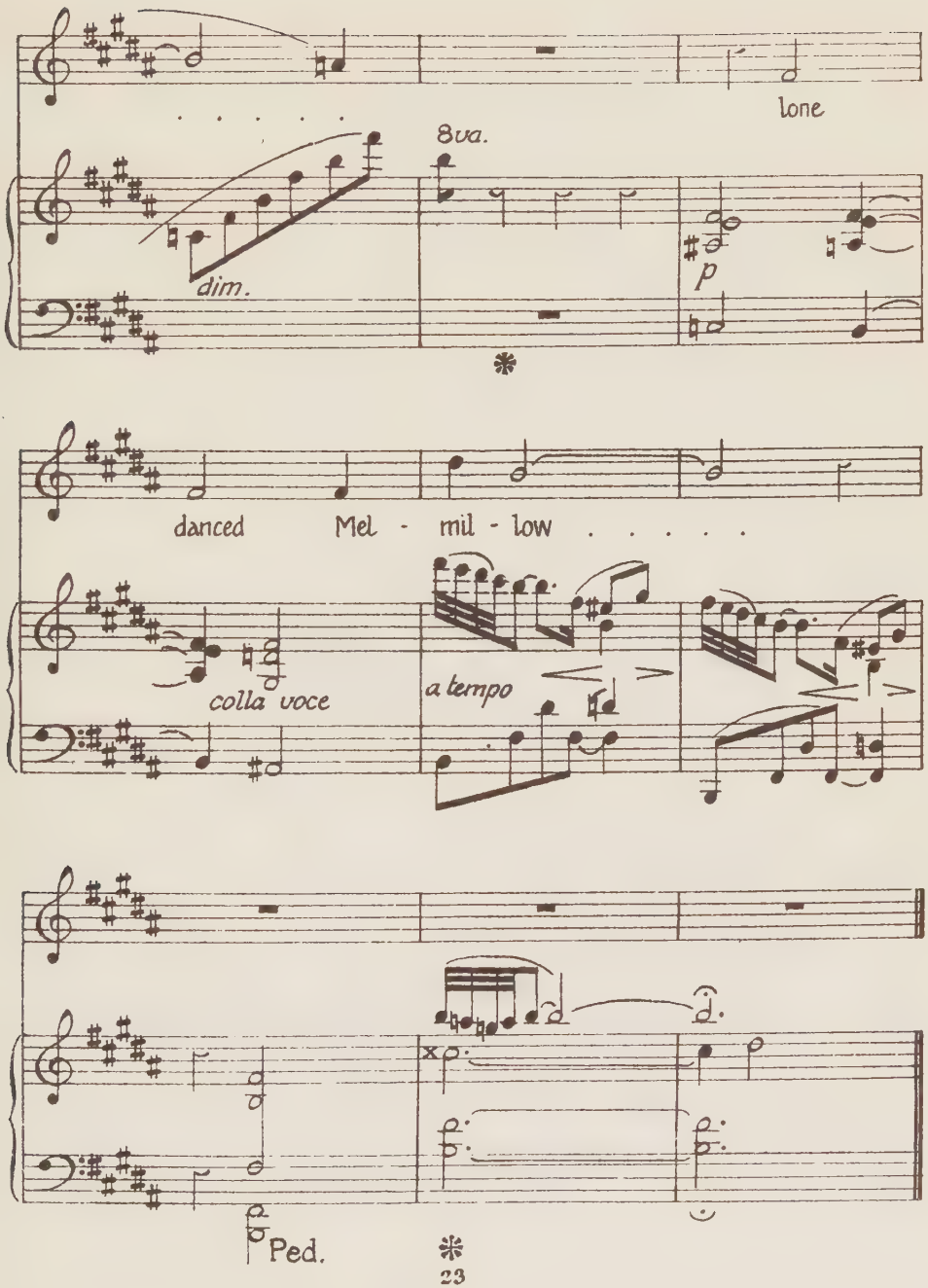

stood, In an eld - - er in a wood; . . . .
Call'd Melmillo — flew off three, Leaving thirty in the
tree ;- Call'd Melmillo — nine now gone.


. . . And the boughs held twenty - one ;
Call'd Melmillo —
and eighteen
Left but three to nod and preen ;
Call'd Melmillo —
three —
two —
one —
mf
f


Now of birds were feathers none.
dim.
rit
a tempo
Then stole slim Mel - mil - lo in To that
rit
a tempo
wood all dusk and green . , And with lean long
dim


. . palms out - spread Soft - - - - ly a strange
. . . dance did tread .
molto tranquillo
Not a note of music she Had for e-cho-ing company ;
molto tranquillo


All the birds were flown to rest In the hol-low of her
pp sub.
breast ; . . . . .
In the wood—
poco rit.
a tempo mp
. . thorn , el - der , wil-low— Danced a-lone . . .
Ped.


lone
8va.
dim.
p
danced
Mel - mil - low . . . . .
colla voce
a tempo
Ped.

ARABIA

Far are the shades of Arabia,
Where the Princes ride at noon,
'Mid the verdurous vales and thickets
Under the ghost of the moon
And so dark is that vaulted purple,
Flow'rs in the forest rise,
And toss into blossom 'gainst the phantom stars,
Pale in the noonday skies.

Sweet is the music of Arabia
In my heart, when out of dreams
I still in the thin clear mirk of dawn
Descry her gliding streams.
Hear her strange lutes on the green banks,
Ring loud with the grief and delight
Of the dim-silk'd, dark-hair'd musicians
In the brooding silence of night.

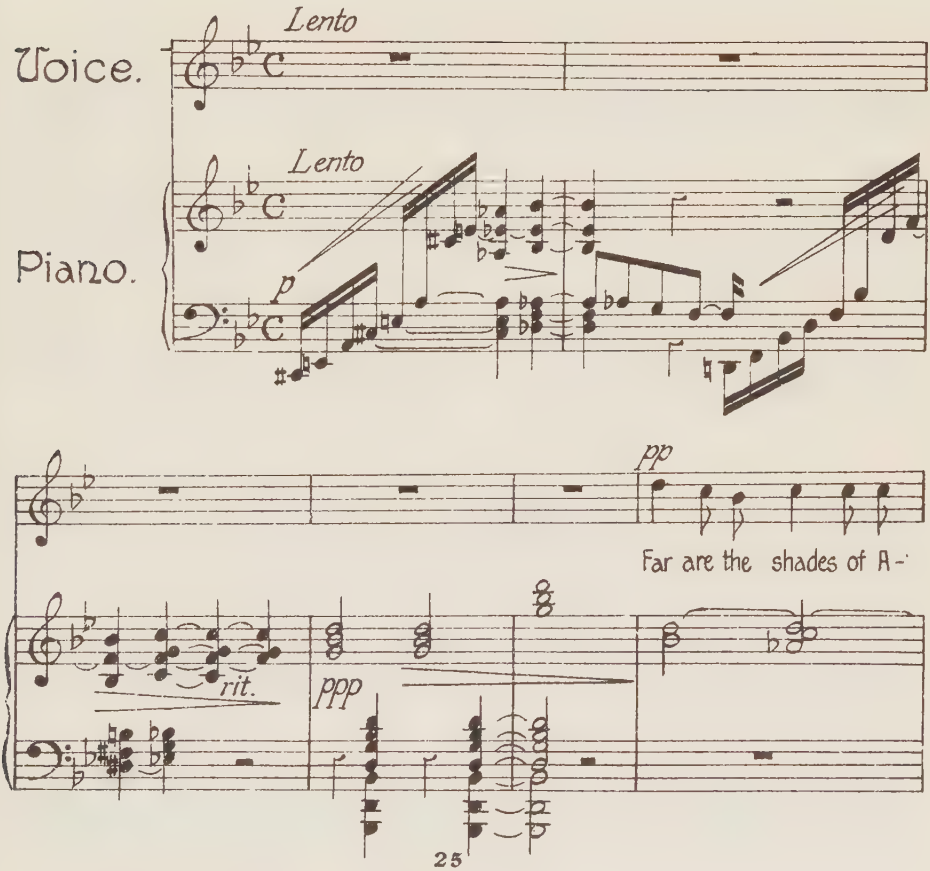
They haunt me, her lutes and her forests,
No beauty on earth I see,
But shadow'd with that dream recalls
Her loveliness to me.
Still eyes look coldly upon me,
Cold voices whisper and say –
"He is craz'd with the spell of far Arabia
They have stolen his wits away".

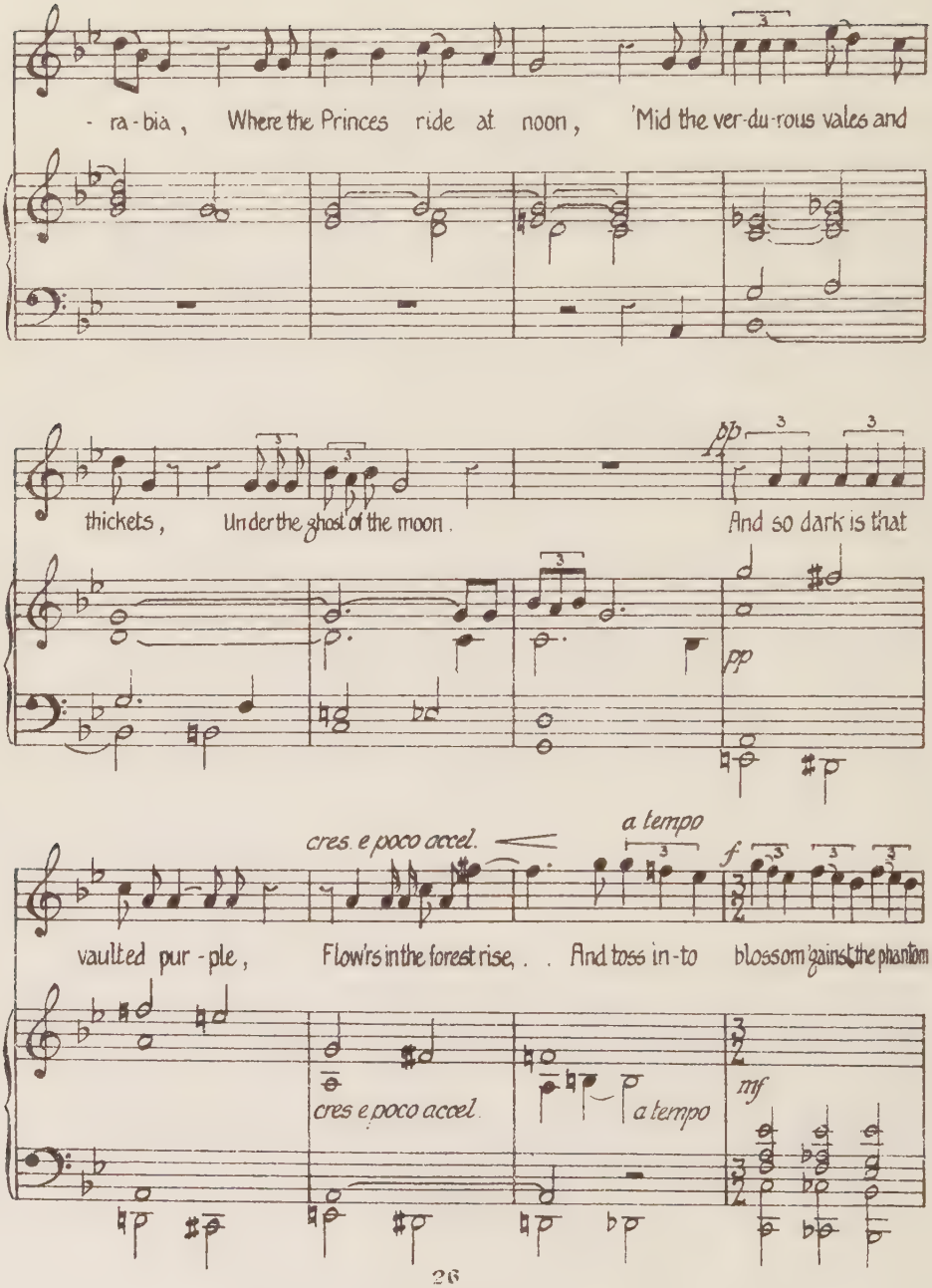
Walter de la Mare.

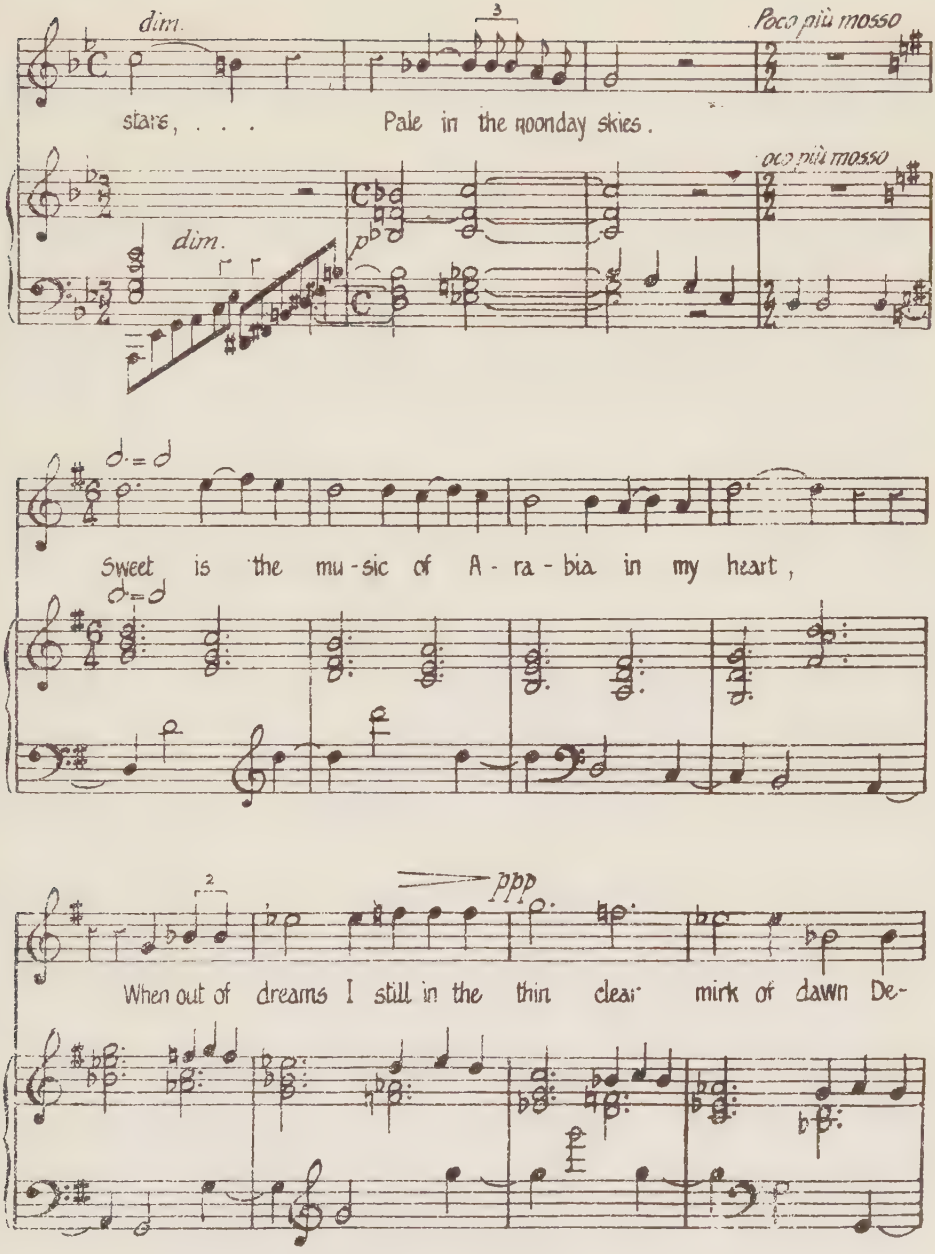
ARABIA

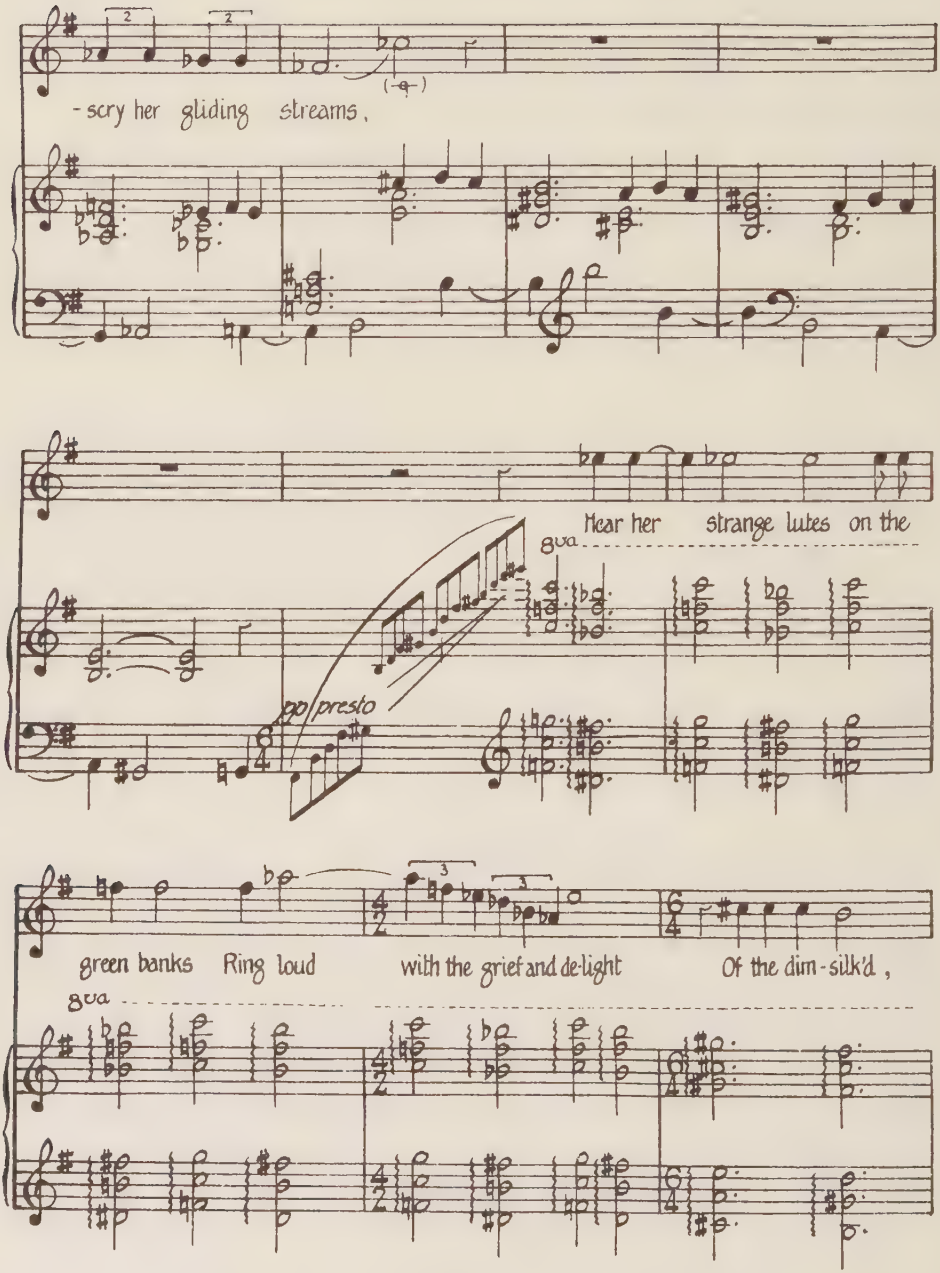
Words by
WALTER DE LA MARE

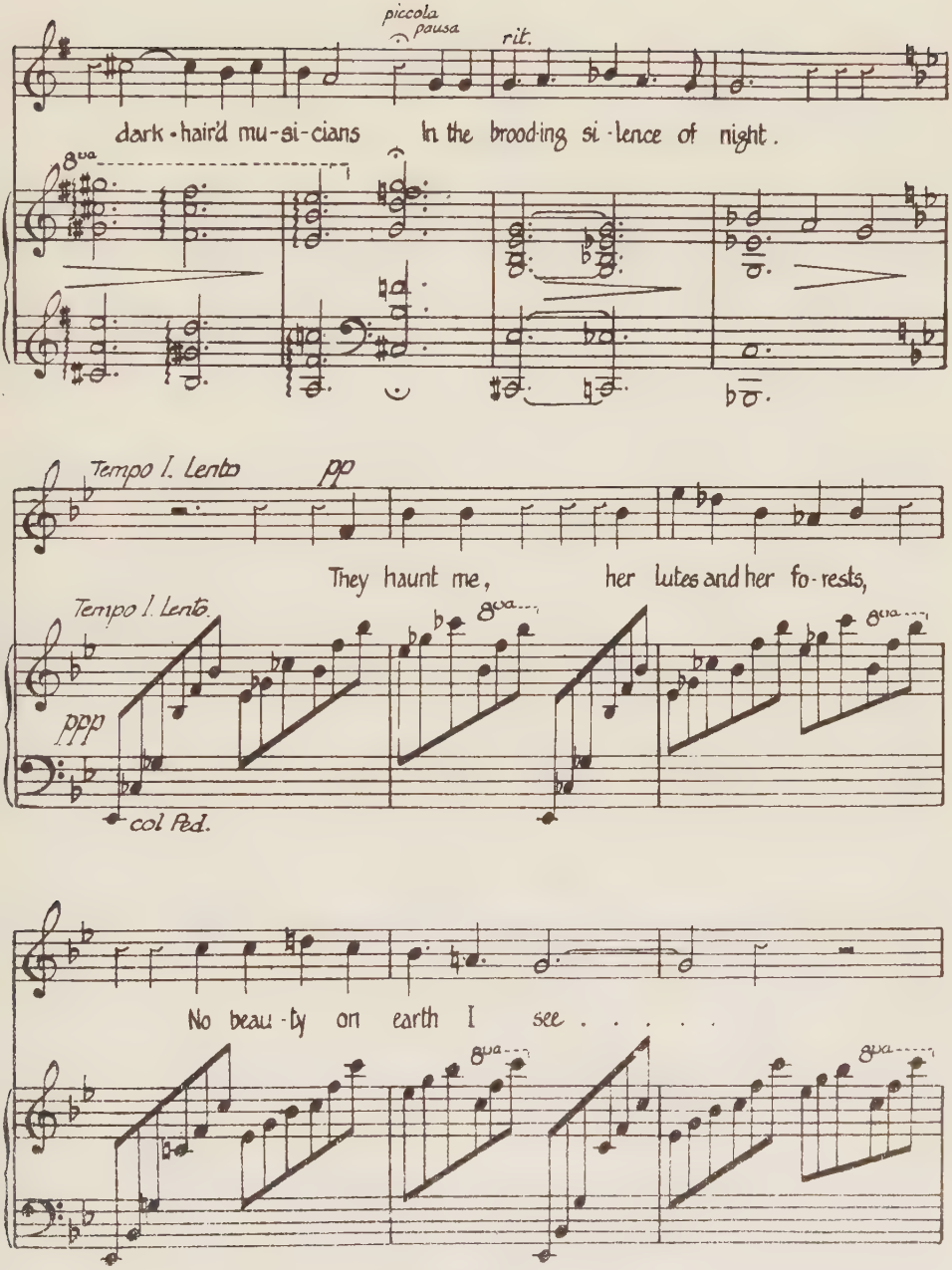
Music by
W. DENIS BROWNE

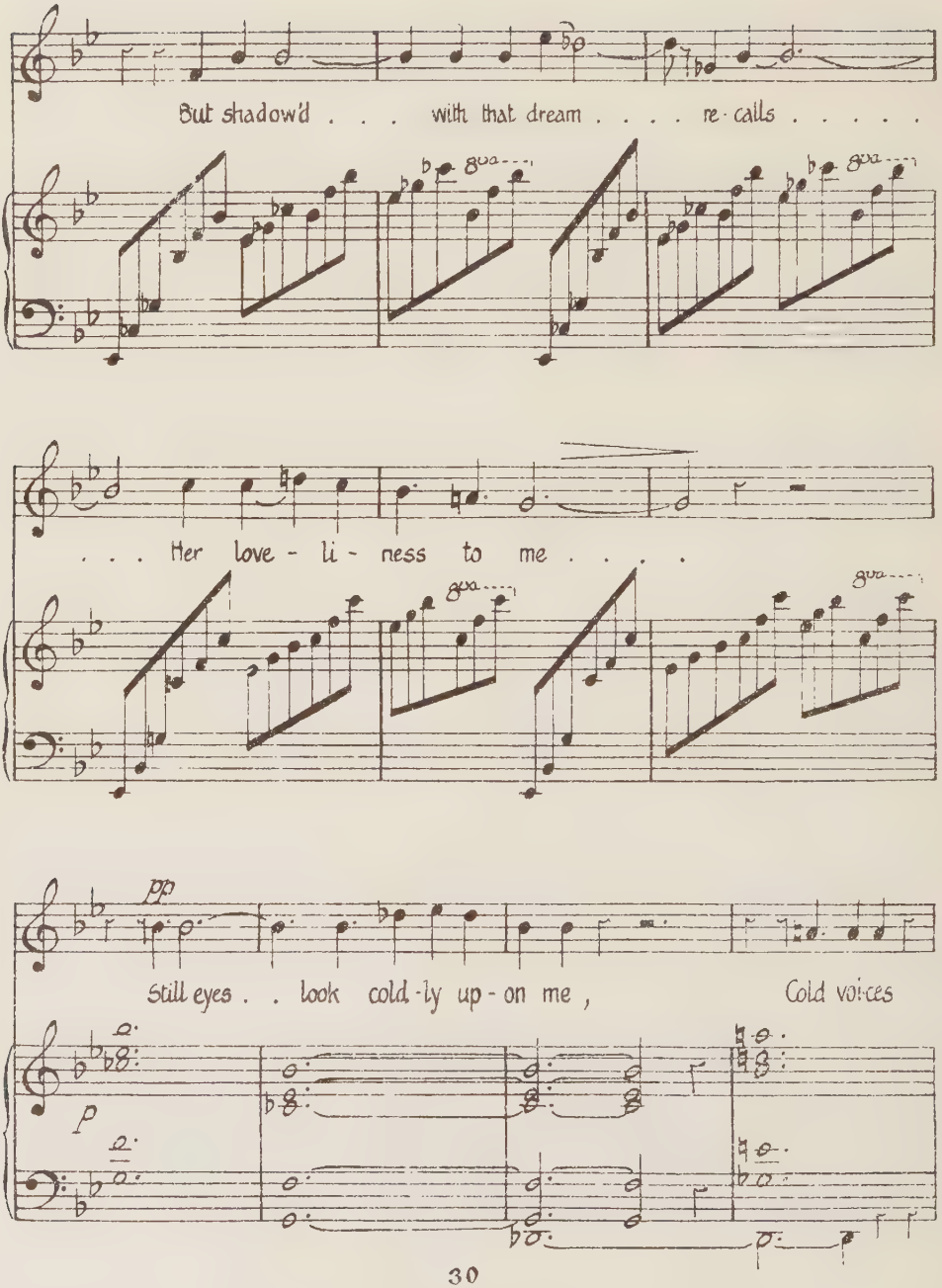


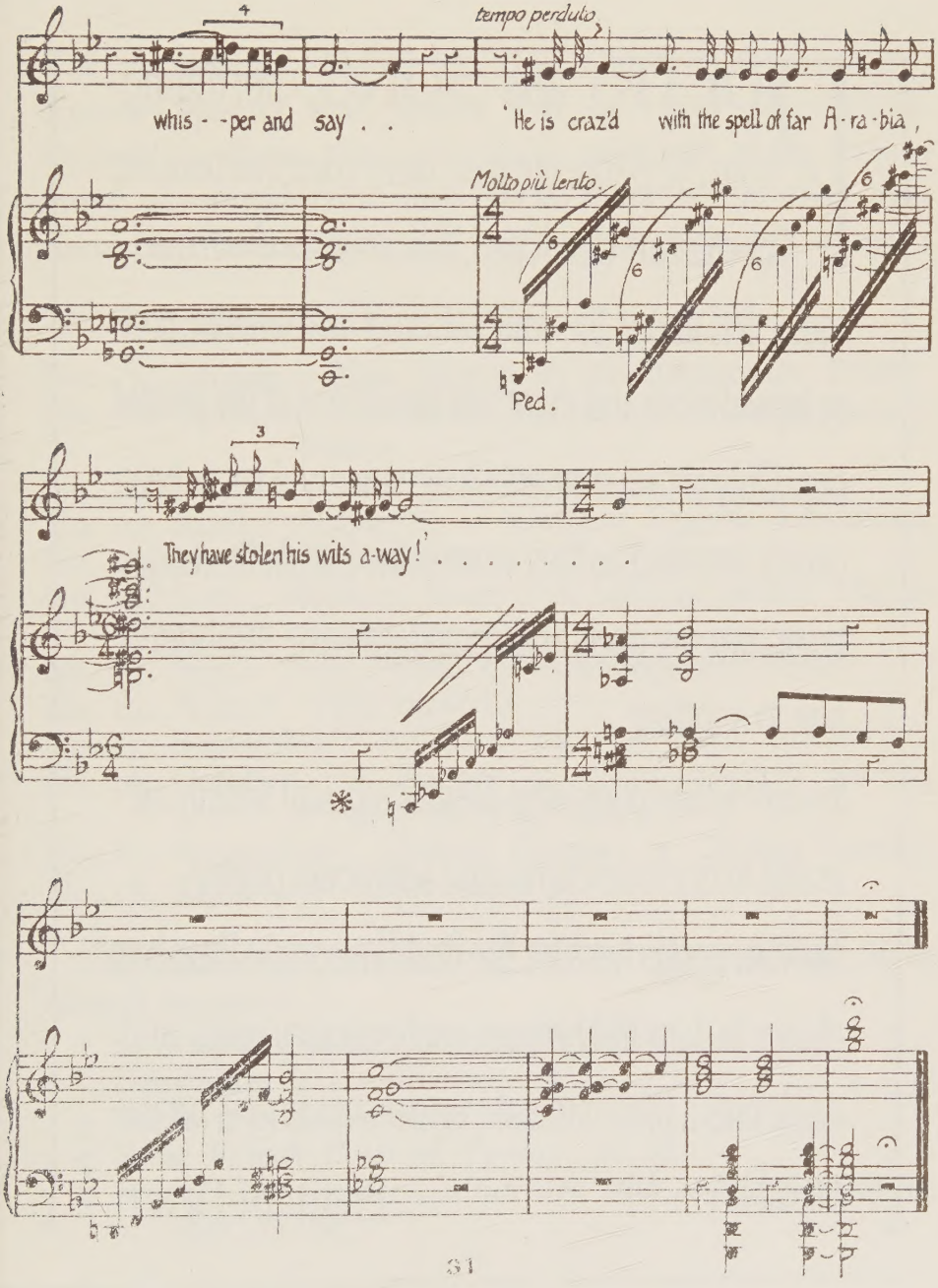

- ra - bia , Where the Princes ride at noon , 'Mid the ver-du-rous vales and
thickets , Under the ghost of the moon . And so dark is that
pp
cres. e poco accel.
a tempo
f
vaulted pur - ple , Flow'rs in the forest rise, . . And toss in - to blossom 'gainst the phantom
cres e poco accel.
a tempo
mf


dim.
3
Poco più mosso
stars, . . . Pale in the noonday skies.
Poco più mosso
dim.
p
Sweet is the mu-sic of A-ra-bia in my heart,
2
ppp
When out of dreams I still in the thin clear mirk of dawn De-


- scry her gliding streams,
Hear her strange lutes on the
8va
pp presto
green banks Ring loud with the grief and de-light Of the dim-silk'd ,
8va


piccola pausa
rit.
dark-hair'd mu-si-cians In the brood-ing si-lence of night.
8va
Tempo I. Lento
pp
They haunt me, her lutes and her fo-rests,
Tempo I. Lento
ppp
col Ped.
No beau-ty on earth I see . . . . .


But shadow'd . . . with that dream . . . . re-calls . . . . .
8va
. . . Her love - li - ness to me . . . .
8va
8va
pp
Still eyes . . look cold-ly up-on me ,
Cold voi-ces
p


tempo perduto
whis - -per and say . .
'He is craz'd with the spell of far A - ra - bia ,
Molto più lento
Ped.
They have stolen his wits a-way! . . . . . .

POETRY and SONG, springing from the same impulse, were once inseparable. As each art developed, their courses diverged: Music fell under the domination of instruments; poetry lapsed more and more into the silence of the printed page. Only at rare moments have voice and verse been closely reunited, as they were in the Elizabethan age. In our own day poets and composers are strangers one to another.

It is rare to find poets who desire a musical setting, rarer still to find musicians who appreciate poetry.

The four songs here for the first time printed have been chosen to show that between contemporary poets and musicians a more intimate understanding is not impossible.

EDWARD J. DENT.

IN the second volume of THE CHAPBOOK contemporary poetry and drama will be fully represented. Critical numbers, also, have been arranged which should prove of considerable interest to those whom they may concern. The following is a draft of the projected scheme :

1920

No. 7. January : New Poems by Contemporary Poets.
No. 8. February : Critical Essays on Contemporary Poetry.
No. 9. March : A Survey of American Poetry.
No. 10. April : A Survey of General English Literature.
No. 11. May : (Not settled.)
No. 12. June : Modern Poets : A bibliographical Handbook.
No. 13. July : New Poems by Contemporary Poets.
No. 14. August : (Not settled.)
No. 15. September : An Essay on *Free Verse* (probably).
No. 16. October : A Survey of Contemporary French Poetry, by F. S. Flint.
No. 17. November : Modern Drama : a Critical Survey.
No. 18. December : (Not settled.)

The following numbers of THE CHAPBOOK have already appeared :—

1 23 *New Poems by Contemporary Poets.* 1s.
2 *Decoration in the Theatre.* 1s.
3 *Poems Newly Decorated.* 1s.
4 *Some French Poets of To-day.* 1s. 6d.
5 *Rhymes for Children, illustrated with appropriate woodcuts.* 1s. 6d.